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DEPORTING BOOTLEGGERS.

The measure passed the house providing that any alien convicted of violating the liquor law shall be deported will hardly appeal to the real friends of prohibition.

It is another of those measures designed by the professional prohibitionist for purposes of aggrandizement and which carries with it no semblance of the real spirit of America.

Of course, it can be readily seen that some congressman facing re-election, would seize upon the chance to vote for such a measure in the hope that the people would forget their votes on the hockshop bonus, the indefensible tariff, the grading of income taxes to protect the very wealthy and the other economic measures in which the protected interests have had their way.

It is an old and ancient trick of politics to raise the liquor question as a smoke screen for other acts which cannot be defended.

What this measure proposes to do is to make violation of the prohibition law of greater degradation than the crime of rape, incest, burglary or other felonies.

Its real effect is to put this crime on a different basis than all other crimes and to delay the date when the great public, which wants sobriety, will recognize it as a crime, with the same degradation and no more, that attaches to violations of other laws.

If the law provided that any alien convicted of any crime shall be deported, it would have a more sincere sound and have a more general appeal to public sentiment.

It is as great a mistake to believe that this law is of any more importance than others as it is to preach that it is of less kindling effect.

It is as direct an attack upon American institutions and traditions to lift this violation into a super-law as it is to nullify it by condoning violations and welcoming violators into decent circles of society.

The American people are fairly well solid on prohibition. It is dangerous to trifle with that fine sentiment by such ill-advised methods.

All law depends upon the public sentiment behind it. Without that sentiment, written laws nullify themselves.

It might be well to remember that 20 years ago, the professional heads of organizations now interested in prohibition indignantly denied that they were prohibitionists at heart and repeatedly avowed that their sole purpose was to give the people a chance to vote on local option.

In those days the very men who demand this law from congress denied that private drinking concerned them at all, regrettable of course, but not the object of their attack. They centered upon the un-American saloon as a menace and their political strategy was to deny the prohibitionist who pointed to national law as the means.

Prohibition stands on the firm foundation of the constitution. To endeavor to raise it to a different level is to injure, not help its enforcement.

YES, THIS IS PARIS.

Parisian girls, half of whom are doomed to unwedded lives, are spending their money for love pills.

A dark-skinned confidence man from Africa has caught the fancy of the French capital and is selling, as fast as he can prepare them, the powders which he guarantees to bring suitors.

Any American girl who is interested, can roll her own from this analysis of the powder made by a chemist:

Roast a male sparrow until it is crisp, grill it to a cinder and powder it; add a cock's comb dried in the sun, and a sprinkling of pepper; mix this together in a paste; add a little sugar. A dose the size of a small bean taken once a day is guaranteed to bring about a capitulation with the tardy lover within a week.

It sounds foolish, but remember that this is Paris, and that was took away so many of the youth that the chance of matrimony for women are decidedly below par.

Before you condemn these girls as victims of superstition, it might be well to remember that not so many years ago there was a general belief in all families that rattling the salt on the table was a sure sign of a family quarrel.

Your grandmother shuddered when this accident happened, as it often did until some bright genius invented a cue for a salt cellar to take the place of the old-fashioned open ones.

You may also remember that tradition firmly impressed upon people that a bird flying into a house through an open door was a sure forerunner of a death in that family or household.

Many a sleepless night was passed in old American homes when some startled sparrow found a haven in the blind dish towards a light. Now the screens keep out the birds and another superstition was killed, not by reason, but by invention.

How often have you hunted for a four-leaved clover in the hope that it would bring you luck? Today any scientific botanist is able to grow them at will—just as you are able to make every day a lucky one if you apply the energy which is necessary to produce luck and the good fortune you wish.

So that perhaps the Parisian damsels, disconsolate and hopeless, are to be pitied rather than laughed at when they give away their scanty earnings for roasted sparrows.

Some day they will learn that love comes not from those qualities of heart and mind which attract love, from that beauty of soul which inspires affection.

But until the world learns that spilled salt, the flying bird, the four-leaved clover have nothing at all to do with discord, death or fortune, clever fakers will always sell their wares to the unwary and impose upon those who believe in everything but themselves.

MACHINE TURNS POLECAT.

The old political machine of Indiana runs true to form. It is built on the old lines and runs on old and ancient methods. It is twin to every other political machine built for purposes of bossism and privilege.

When all other methods fail, it turns polecat and scatters its foul smelling whispers of scandal and attack. When desperate by the fear of defeat, it fights like a rat. It never shows courage for it is

a creature of darkness and of secrecy. It never fights in the open for it cannot bear the light.

Right now as a part of its last desperate effort to save Senator Harry New from paying the penalty for his besmirching the fame of the senate and attack on the integrity of the ballot by his vote for Newberry, it is turning loose its scandal forces against Mr. Beveridge, which it hates for exposing the methods of corruption which it uses.

There is going out from Washington, from an office so near to the senate building as not to suggest complacency if not direction, an attack upon the patriotism of Mr. Beveridge.

Through the voice of one Marvin Gates Speery, who describes himself as the national president of the private soldiers and sailors' legion, a name which suggests trafficking upon the name of the American Legion, the attack is being made.

The forces back of New, using Speery as advocate, charge that Beveridge refused to make Liberty Loan speeches—he is as shown by the letters of those in charge of loans.

They charge, in effect, that Beveridge was writing propaganda for the Germans while American men were winning the war—a lie upon his face. They charge, in words, that Beveridge was a traitor to his country and an enemy of his country.

If what this stalking horse for the New machine says were true, Mr. Beveridge should have been in a prison or shot—and it is significant that it is only when he aspires to an office and raises the banner of decency that these polecats of politics emerge from their holes to befall the air with their vile insinuations.

The attack is typical of the forces which are behind New. They never learn and they never forget. Nothing is sacred to them but success, by whatever means obtained.

If any added reason were needed for taking power from the hands of those who stoop to such tactics, it is furnished by this outpouring of libel and scandal, which is sent to this state from the national capitol.

IT KILLED THE CAT, BUT—

New York is installing fire alarm boxes without glass doors. This will increase the number of false alarms rung in by mischief-makers who "obey that impulse."

The Paul Prys will find it hard to resist a fire alarm handle dangling free outside the red box, just as they cannot resist touching wet paint with their fingers to see if it's dry, or poking an umbrella tip in a freshly laid concrete sidewalk.

Shrewd psychologists a long time ago realized that the Paul Prys instinct could best be kept in bounds by making it necessary to break a pane of glass before ringing for the fire engines.

Behold little Willie, embryonic Paul Prys, marveling at spring, peering pa with questions about what makes the grass grow, why the days are getting longer, where the wind goes to when it stops blowing.

Later on, little Willie will be testing dryness of fresh paint, taking his watch apart to see if he can get it together again, trying to eat everything that looks as if his jaws could master it. Children try to taste their way to knowledge.

Be thankful for this. Curiosity is the force that has produced all comforts, all knowledge, all civilization.

All forms of animal life constantly are trying to improve themselves. The desire is manifested by their curiosity.

Go into the woods. Start chopping. In half an hour, if you look about, you'll see an army of eyes among the trees—curious squirrels, looking to see what it's all about.

Trapper, laid up with a broken leg in a trail cabin on the Yukon, drives a short pole in the snow and to it fastens a rag. Animals will see the rag snapping in the wind and, steered by curiosity, will come from miles away to investigate. That gets them within range of the hunter's rifle.

Animal trainers differ as to whether menagerie monkeys or human spectators get the most fun from watching each other.

The instinct of curiosity is so powerfully developed in man that anything dangerous has to be made fool-proof.

Put a "Danger—Stay Out" sign on a shed containing dynamite. Nearly every one that passes will either force the door with a club or peer through cracks and knotholes to learn what's inside.

Wisdom, handed down from the experience of the past, is disrespected—because the average person's curiosity impels him to find out for himself. Thus youth has its fling, the bootlegger constantly has a new crop of customers—and, in general, man learns very little from experience.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

If you were fortunate enough to be raised on a farm or in a small town 20 or more years ago, it often occurs to you how much the modern city boy misses in the way of real fun.

Along about this time of year, back there in the radiant past, "the gang" was following the local Huckleberry Finn, the courageous individual first to brave the springtime chill of the "ole swimmin' hole."

It is a sorry contrast, alongside the concrete swimming pools of metropolitan youth in this year 1922.

Nature was coming back to life, back there in the country, with an entrancing display of buds, first wild flowers, pussy-willows and strange birds going north. And, oh, that fresh air!

About all the modern city boy gets in the way of wild flowers is dandelions for pa's home-brew. And what he sees going north is more apt to be a motorcycle or police patrol than birds.

Back yonder, we had big barns with huge haymows to play in. And, at this season, it was customary to erect great shanties in backyard and vacant lots, to house the gang's secret society.

In the 1922 city, the barn is a one-story garage, and pa usually has a fit if he catches the boys in the flivver-hotel, playing with the oil cans.

Cities are heartbreakingly clean, with no lumber and old tin cans and packing boxes and back-alley bones and junk for the boys to gather.

Remember when we put on a Buffalo Bill show at the edge of town, and a burnt-cork minstrel in the barn? Do you think the modern city youth has as much fun at his dancing class or the school cantata? Neither do we.

The city lad is so pressed for elbow-room and playthings that, for instance, when he gets roller skates he rides 'em to death, then hungrily seeks a new amusement.

That's why we have waves of juvenile, maniacal concentration on one thing in the cities. Right now, it's wireless.

Civilization and metropolitan congestion may be a good thing for grown-ups, though odds are on the nays. But it's certainly tough on the youngsters.

It is childhood that has lost most in modern city life. And even when pa takes the kids to the country on Sunday afternoon they get about as much of a glimpse of it as from a moving train. Pa is restless, nerves keyed up, wants to get along fast and try another stretch of pavement.

The Tower of Babel

Bill Armstrong

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT BROTHER WOOD AND HIS KITE

Dear Bill:
You know Bill I nearly died laughin' yest. that Mister Wood the one you say is the genial Mgr. of the Oliver Theater well he went out flyin' a big kite, yes he did you wouldn't think a grown man like him wood want to fly a kite would you Bill, on the kite was the words Oliver players tonite, I sposed them actors and actresses must give him the kite so they put there name on it. Well pretty soon the strings busted and the kite started down washington st. him and all them stage hands after it.

Q: Bill how they run they clum on the roof of buildings an ever-thing a tryin to git it. one big guy sez after a while well I'll be darned if I go chasin a kite some-thing what I aint done since I was a kid. An Bill I seen the leading man lookin at it when they was all rubberin and believe me Bill he got Tom Melehan beat a mile for looks. I bet it was him give Mgr Woods the kite what do you think Bill.
Devotedly as always,
DOROTHEA.

OH WHAT SPORT! BATHING WITH THE WILD CATS

(From the Daily Moan)
It has just been announced that a fine specimen of the genuine wildcat has been purchased and placed in the natatorium zoo. The animal was captured unhurt, and is considered a valuable acquisition to the zoo.

John Farneman and Charley Tasher came near doing a whale of a business in automobiles this week, when your favorite newspaper, The News-Times advertised for the Farneman-Tasher company a New Five passenger Reo touring car for \$15.95. Another cubist printer had been getting in his head, evidently.

How long have you had your cook? We have been with her nearly a year now.

BERT LONG WOULD HAVE SECONDED THE MOTION IF HE HAD BEEN THERE
In one of the leading churches of

YOUR HEALTH—By Dr. R. S. Copeland

Why do your eyes "water"? Is it because they are sensitive to the light, inflamed, suffering from eye-strain, or lacking in drainage?

At the outer edge of the orbit, under the corner of the upper lid, are some tiny glands, called the "tear-glands." Near the inner corner of each lid is a little prominence, on the top of which is a minute hole. This opening is the beginning of the drainage canal of the eye.

First, there is a narrow little passage which opens into the tear sac. From the sac runs a tube, called the nasal duct. This opens below into the nose.

The tears form in the tear-glands, run across the eyeball, are collected by the lids, and directed into the drainage system.

Your eyes will water if the tears form too rapidly. For instance, if you cry there is a flood. The great increase in the quantity of the fluid is too much for the limited capacity of the drainage system. The torrent overflows the banks, so to speak, and pours down the cheeks.

The eyes will water if the tear-glands are too active, or if the tear passages are too small.

The former condition may be due to irritation or inflammation of the eyes. Excessive tear formation, or "lacrimation," as it is called, is due among other causes to the need of glasses. The effort to see causes

Just Folks By Edgar A. Guest

THE WASTER.
We used to wonder why God let him live, and why
So many useful, better men must die.

Lazy he was unto the last degree,
If ever lived a waster, it was he.
"Even the worm does something,"
Parson said.

"But 'twould be better if that man were dead,"
He broke his mother's heart, and sick with shame
His people were who also bore his name.

"No good on earth!" on that we all agreed,
And then one day he did one decent deed.
He who was worthless, drunken,
Wholly bad, and worse than dead,
Plunged in the lake and saved a drowning lad.

He only heard the little fellow cry
The last faint call as he was passing by—
He, who had done no useful thing
Before, and who had never done a thing
Battled the waves and brought the boy to shore.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

WE GAVE IN GIVE WEEK all we could. We tried to dress our best in Style Week.

In Good Week we were fairly good. And grinned considerably in Smile Week.

Though Prune Week left us rather cold. And we were little stirred by Tripe Week.

Vast fragrant clouds about us rolled To show how hard we felt for Pipe Week.

In Dog Week we secured a pup. But when somebody started Cat Week.

We resolutely passed it up—We didn't care so much for that Week.
A rather hungry time we had In following the rules of Toast

GEORGE WYMAN & CO.

—COME AND SEE US—

Store Hours—8:30 to 5:30; Saturdays Till 9



Easter Millinery

Summer peeps beguilingly from every gay flower, from the very new lines, from each fold that makes these hats things of surpassing charm and loveliness. Paris says fabrics—so these hats, being very new and very obedient, choose to be fashioned of straw with a combination of crepe de chine, georgette crepe, moire and taffeta—thereby achieving a surprising amount of distinction and smartness—at a decidedly moderate cost.

Millinery Shop
2nd Floor

Box Coat Suits
\$49.50

In the Children's
Shop

kiddies are welcomed by salespeople who love to dress them in the frocks, coats, capes, undies, rompers and bonnets on display. Everything is reasonably priced too!

Semi-tailored suits that give one that slim look—how could any season be a success without them—charming, every one, with a certain dash and assurance. For the most part they aren't severely tailored but have a bit of stitching, hand embroidered motifs—perhaps a bit of bead work—or braid trimming. Tricotine, Poinet Twill and Twill Cord are predominant.



A Three Piece
Suit
\$19.50 and \$35.00

Tweed and homespun for all sorts of outings come home looking as "chipper" as they went away. Knickers, a skirt and a coat, a slip of a dress and cape.



Coats—Simple
Yet Chic
\$35.00

To look ones best doesn't mean that we have to be "all fussed up" in a most gorgeous outfit. Simple little coats that have been made with a knack for style are often more becoming than its more pretentious sisters.

Tweed Suits
\$19.50 to \$45.00

The season started out proclaiming Tweed the favorite and tweed hasn't faltered once in its popularity. Perhaps a wee bit of the fondness for it is because it has been such ages since comely simple outfits have been in vogue.

A Straight Line
Frock
\$29.50

Has a personality all its own, especially when made of Krepe Knit.

Wyman's—The Store of Twelve Specialty Shops